Catholique: vvhereof vve haue dayly prooſes ſufficient, but one moſte famous of all, practiſed of Late yeares in Fraunce by Charles the nynth.

Fayne) gladde or deſyrous.

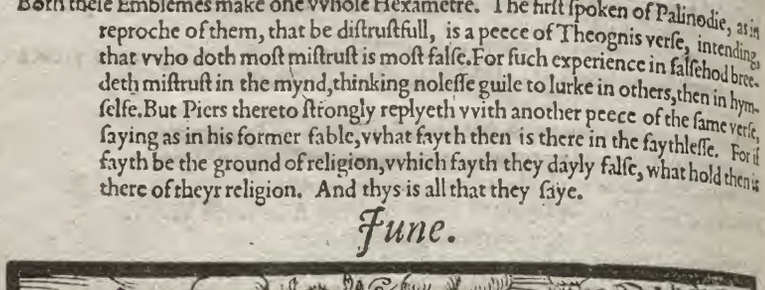
Our ſir Iohn) a Popiſhe prieſt, A ſaying fit for the groſeneſſe of a ſhepheard, but ſpoken to taunte vnlearned Prieſtes.

Diſmount) deſcende or ſet. Nye) dravveth nere.

Embleme.

Both theſe Emblemes make one vvhole Hexametre. The firſt ſpoken of Palinodie, as in reproche of them, that be diſtruſtfull, is a peece of Theognis verſe, intending, that vvho doth moſt miſtruſt is moſt falſe. For ſuch experience in falſehod breedeth miſtruſt in the mynd, thinking noleſſe guile to lurke in others, then in hymſelfe. But Piers thereto ſtrongly replyeth vvith another peece of the ſame verſe, ſaying as in his former fable, vvhat fayth then is there in the faythleſſe. For if fayth be the ground of religion, vvhich fayth they dayly falſe, what hold then is there of theyr religion. And thys is all that they ſaye.

Iune.



Ægloga ſexta.

ARGVMENT.

THis Æglogue is wholly vowed to the complayning of Colins ill ſucceſſe in his loue. For being (as is a foreſaid) enamoured of a Country laſſe Rofalind, and hauing (as ſeemeth) founde place in her heart, he lamenteth to his deare frend Hobbinoll, that he is nowe forſaken vnfaithfully, and in his ſteede Menalcas, another ſhepheard receiued diſloyally. And this is the vvhole Argument of this Æglogue.

Hobbinoll

HOBBINOL. CO

O *Collni*, here the place, whol
From other ſhades hath wea
Tell me, what wants me here
The ſimple ayre, the gentle w
So calme, ſo coole, as no whe
The graſſye grounde with daintye
The Bramble buſh, where Byrds
To the waters fall their tunes atte

COLLIN.

O happy *Hobbinoll*, I bleſſe thy ſt
That Paradiſe haſt found, whych
Here wander may thy flock early
Without dreade of Wolues to b
Thy louely layes here mayſt thou
But I vnhappy man, whom cruell
And angry Gods purſue from coſte
Can nowhere fynd, to ſhoulder my

HOBBINOLL.

Then if by me thou liſt aduiſed be,
Forſake the ſoyle, that ſo doth the b
Leaue me thoſe hilles, where harb
Nor holybuſh, nor bryere, nor windi
And to the dales reſort, where ſhip
And fruictfull flocks bene euery wh
Here no night Rauene lodge more
Nor eluiſh ghoſts, nor gaſtly owle

But frendly Faeries, met with ma
And lightfote Nymphes can chace
With Heydeguyes, and trimly tro
Whilſt ſyſters nyne, which dwell
Doe make them muſick, for their n
And *Pan* himſelfe to kiſſe their chy
Will pype and daunce, when *Phœb*
Such pierleſſe pleaſures haue we

COLLIN.

And I, whylſt youth, and courſe of

F